

Cape County Herald

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CAPE GIRARD, MISSOURI

Wear your harness!

What are the hot waves doing?

Actually suffer as well as humanity.

The storm city is at its maddest.

What has become of the old-fashioned serpent?

Alaska is just now more popular than Alaska coal.

Paris has declared against statues in front yards. It may tender a law.

Some think an electric light bulb throws out more heat in summer than in winter.

A Worcester boy killed \$118,000 in a contest, but they will never be missed.

What has become of the old-fashioned man who carried a palm-leaf fan in summer?

Do not try to invent a new excuse for going to the ball game. Any old excuse will do.

Doctor Wiley says that men who smoke are liable to a stroke. Do your smoking at night.

A New York woman who lost \$1,000 joked about it. Evidently she didn't have a husband to support.

Visitors now fly across the English channel before breakfast as an appetizer. It is a hundred trip.

We are told that a dog in St. Louis has learned to smoke. He shows as much intelligence as his teacher.

A hog out in Oregon ate its owner's coat and \$700 in real money and seemed to thrive on the rich diet.

One of the dangers of being married is an aeroplane is that the first falling out is likely to result disastrously.

Archie Atwood is going to try to fly from New York to Chicago. It is generally hoped that he may find the flying good.

One way to keep cool in summer is to avoid summer resorts. One is likely to be prostrated when one ponders on the bill.

A New York boy who walked away from home eight years ago to seek his fortune has spoiled a good story by walking back.

An advertisement reads: "Wanted—A girl to pose like a queen." No self-respecting girl would care to have labels pasted on her.

A physician advises us to eat onions and become healthy. We know from personal experience that garlic is productive of great strength.

A man in New Jersey killed his sweetheart with an "unloaded" pistol. So history, unimpaired of the tragedy of it, keeps on repeating itself.

We have consigned winter to the form of ice to temper the summer; now why not bottle up the heat and release it on a cold day next winter?

A bullfrog may be a champion fly killer, but he is not what might be called an ideal pet, especially if there are nervous women around the house.

A committee of Chicago teachers has decided that stenographers should be taught enough of English to enable them to correct the boss's blunders.

A French scientist has devised an instrument to forecast thunder storms but our amateur weather prophets cling to the old, reliable rheumatism.

One man at least has felt the oppression of great wealth—the employee of the San Francisco mint who was buried under \$5,000,000 in gold coins.

An Omaha debating society has decided that a horse is more desirable than an automobile. Notwithstanding this we presume people will still go on mortgaging their homes for the latter.

A Wisconsin judge has ruled that a man must provide his wife with false teeth if she wants them. This, however, is interesting only to the women who want them.

An Ohio man boasts that he can rock the cradle with one hand and button his wife's dress with the other. We presume also that the gentleman has learned to speak distinctly with a mouth full of pins.

Judging by the English, channel aviation will soon become as common as a ride on a lumber wagon in the country.

Collector Loeb has staid \$118,000 worth of furs. No one, however, cares what becomes of furs in the present weather.

We see by the papers that a Philadelphia woman 40 years old is taking cornet lessons. Evidently she has developed a terrible grudge against her neighbors.

The Awakening of the Older Nations

Personalities Behind the Transformed Ottoman Empire—The Young Turk Organization Really a Masonic Movement—The Sultan as a Tool.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

Constantinople—At the back of every movement must be men. The transformation of Turkey from a medieval absolute monarchy to a constitutional government was not wrought without human agencies. Who did it? At the time of the constitution and the revolution there were stories of a romantic secret committee in Paris, with a chief possessed of greater statesmanship and more dictatorial powers than any crowned head in Europe. The present Paris committee is disgruntled and in opposition, and it is rather generally admitted that there was considerable rumormongering about the original committee.

Admittedly the Young Turk movement was a bit of successful opportunism. Its leaders were quick to take advantage of favorable events, which is certainly nothing to their discredit. The men were ready for their chance when it came.

A German on Top.

But now, after the lapse of many months, who is the top man in Turkey? Amid all the personalities here, which one towers above all others? It is none other than Baron von Bismarck, the German ambassador. One searcher in vain for this omnipotent, omnipresent Young Turk of whom we read so much at the time of the passing of the old order. Instead, he finds behind the scenes at work here this shrewd old diplomat, the shiest in Europe, who has within a year recovered all the prestige that the German cause lost with the fall of Abdul Hamid.

In domestic affairs, as well as in foreign relationships, the hand of von Bismarck may be traced by those whose business it is to know the inwardness of current events here. Since this wise old German is an extra-Turkish personality, perhaps it is not fair to consider him as looking for the most influential figure in the present regime.

A Glimpse of the Sultan.

It is easier to say who this man is not than who he is. First of all, it is not the sultan. He may be eliminated at the outset. A high diplomat who has had to converse with the present sultan says that the official is like talking to a wooden man. One encounters various terms in the diplomatic circles to describe the personality of Mohammed V. Doubtless, many of these are exaggerated, like the stories of his devotion to the flower bowl. The sultan sees no foreigners, but anybody may see him at the Selamlik—the weekly function when he goes to the mosque to pray.

With Abdul Hamid, this was an ordeal to be dreaded, and he not covering in his carriage in a coat of mail. Apparently his brother is glad to have this weekly outing, for the poorest harem that totters over the Galata bridge beneath his monstrous load, sees more of life than does his Royal Highness. He likes the pomp of the lines of soldiers who line the highway for the short distance from the palace to the mosque.

These soldiers are part of the modern army; on the whole, well armed and fairly well set up. Along with them one sees the archaic, red-bellied fire brigade, with the long leather guards at the back of their helmets. The lancers, who are the sultan's bodyguard, are plainly Mongolian, and fine fellows they appear. The sultan, himself, stares at the crowds as the crowds stare at him, or as a countryman gazes at the circus. He wears a fez, and but one decoration on his breast. His face is weak, with puffs under the eyes. His beard is grey and rather close cropped. He looks for all the world like the type of genial old New England neighbor, whom one may see sunning himself outside the house, or sitting on a rocker in the corner store, while his wife runs the family affairs.

The day I saw the sultan an American girl in the carriage next mine was aiming a camera at him. He was attracted by the fresh young figure, and obligingly turned his face toward her and smiled—and then kept on smiling and craning his neck toward her like a gay old flirt. It was not very dignified or royal, but it was decidedly revealing, especially when one remembers that this man is "King of Kings," "Commander of the Faithful," and "The Shadow of God on Earth." Incidentally, he is a political cipher.

The Prisoner of Salonic.

Nor is Abdul Hamid any longer a possible factor in Turkish affairs. Wild rumors fly around occasionally of his escape from his imprisonment, in the garb of a woman servant, and of his being at the bottom of revolutionary plots. This is the last of the contingencies that the present government has to face. The best advised say that, while Abdul is a morose and sleepless, he none the less is too fond of life to take any chances with this committee. His supreme passion is to be permitted to die a natural death. For a generation he has been haunted by the nightmare of a violent death.

Now he is guarded by the most trusted representatives of the committee of union and progress. I am told

by one whose knowledge of Turkish affairs has proved accurate on other points that the father of Abdul Hamid was a man who lived close with him—whose relatives the deposed sultan has slain—and who would be glad of an excuse to square their accounts with him. Moreover, Salonic is the center of Young Turk sentiment, and the most difficult soil for the growth of a reactionary plot.

That the common people expect never to see Abdul in power again is shown by the way the press and the public service and detest and make sport of him. The sultan's leader in the aftermath of the revolution is free to curse the memory of the prisoner at Salonic. A popular poster in the shops represents the prison requirements of the late sultan. It is a portrait, usually created by the grouping of several heads, and a vision of the mosques and palaces of the Bosphorus within the turban. The harmless diversions of the harem are all of his former glory permitted to Abdul Hamid.

Is There a Man of Mystery?

One searches in vain for substantiation for the early tales of the wonderful dictator in Paris, who, unknown himself, rules Turkey through the committee of Union and Progress. There is no really great personality on that body. Not all of the members are known, however, although all possible members have been apprized. There is an Arabian Nights' flavor to the situation in Constantinople today. The real head of a department may be a man in the outer office. The cabinet minister may be subject to his secretary in the ante-room. The inner circle of the Young Turk committee is made up of men who, for the purpose, occupy places high and low. Some of the members of this inner circle are in office, some are absolutely without official position. The committee has a penchant for putting forward the men who look a part and who will fill the role of popular heroes.

This is the anomaly of present-day Turkey. The committee of Union and Progress is supposed to have dissolved and passed out of existence. It really runs parliament—an incongruity which makes constitutional government seem like a farce. Furthermore, not all of the figureheads who themselves understand their lack of power can enjoy this empty show.



The Sultan on a Visit to the Mosque.

and they are one element of weakness in the new order.

A Masonic and Jewish Body.

Everybody in Constantinople seems to know that the committee which overthrew Abdul Hamid and brought in the new day for the empire is really a Masonic organization. It differs from the masonry of the west in that it is non-religious—the name of the Deity is not mentioned in its documents. It is affiliated with the Italian masons and not with the British or American. This fact has incurred the special hostility of orthodox Mohammedans, who dislike the Masonic order even more than they detest Christianity. This fact may be borne in mind in any study of present conditions, for it is likely to be a factor in the developments than some more apparent causes.

Another charge brought against the committee of Union and Progress is that its membership is largely Jewish. Here one must try to master a strange condition, possible only in this romantic east, where the improbable and the inconceivable are matters of every day. This particular story harks back more than 200 years, when the son of a Salonic rabbi announced himself as the Messiah and got a considerable following. His cause was so portentous that he was arrested and taken before the sultan, where, in his extremity, he renounced his claims and accepted Islam.

So great was the confidence of his followers in this Messiah, that they too obeyed his lead and became Moslems. During the ensuing centuries they have remained a distinct community, with their own mosque. They never intermarry with other Moslems, and the genuineness and depth of their fidelity to Islam is a subject of scepticism among the faithful. Certainly this Moslem-Jewish community has furnished some of the most aggressive men in the empire, and far more than its proportion of the leaders of the Young Turk movement.

The Military Dictator.

I have interviewed many of the leaders of the Turkish government, and shall have occasion to quote some of them. Here it must suffice to give a representative of the one most picturesque figure in the government—Mahmud Shevket Pasha, the minister of

war, the supreme commander of the Turkish armies, the "Saviour of Constantinople" and the man who has frequently been said to be the real dictator of the present regime in Turkey.

Really, Gen. Shevket is practically subordinate to one of his own aids and associates. He is not in the inner circle of the committee of Union and Progress, although a graduate Young Turk. It is perhaps an inconceivable way of putting the case, but I am credibly informed that he is only a sort of puppet in the hands of stronger men. However, he looks the part of a popular chief. Tall, broad, with small black eyes that flash, he is a veritable Don Quixote. He could readily be a crowd man and a dictator if he had the power, like I myself physiognomy. While we talked he turned his head from side to side, or rolled them on his fingers, or twiddled his nose—the right side of which bears a large vaccination mark. Frequently he tilted aside his great mustache and scratched his iron-gray hair.

He is a charming gentleman to meet, and he speaks with an apparent openness that would disarm an unscrupulous interviewer. He told me in all earnestness and apparent sincerity that there was absolutely nothing in the rumored agreement between Roumania and Turkey, although I had other more trustworthy information, which history has since confirmed, that the deal had been made. He speaks with the greatest optimism concerning the future of the new regime. The financial revenues increased by thirty-three million francs during the first year, and because of better methods of collection, a still greater increase will probably be made during the present year. The situation throughout the provinces, he said, has very much improved. The turbulent Albanians have been pacified and disarmed. Parenthetically, I may remark that one who saw the army the government took in, says that they are only fit for a museum, and that the rifles and revolvers which can really do business are still within reach of the warlike Albanians. Shevket Pasha says he thinks the Albanians may be a valuable asset to Turkey when enrolled in the army, and he spoke most magnanimously of their defeat by the Turkish army sent against them. He said they lack

Daniel and His Companions

Smoking School Lesson for Sept. 10, 1911
Specially Arranged for This Paper

LESSON TEXT—Daniel 1:1-20.

MEMORY VERSE 2:1.
GOLDEN TEXT—"It is good neither to eat flesh, nor drink wine, nor anything whereby thy health standeth."—Rom. 14:21.

TIME—B. C. 605-4. The third year of King Jehoiachin (Lesson VIII). The accession year of Nebuchadnezzar, when Daniel was carried captive to Babylon. The next year is called his first year.

FIGURED—Three years, B. C. 605-4-3-2-1. Nebuchadnezzar's return to Babylon after defeating the armies of Egypt.

PLACE—Babylon on the Euphrates. Before his captivity Daniel lived in Jerusalem.

PLACE IN THE HISTORY—2 Kings 24:1-2 Chron. 36:1-4.

PROPHETS—Jeremiah and Ezekiel were prophesying at Jerusalem when Daniel was carried away, and Ezekiel was his contemporary in Babylon. But not in the city of Babylon. He was in the river Chebar, southeast of the city.

At the time of this lesson the two great world powers were in deadly conflict. The Egyptian army under Necho had marched toward Babylon as far as Carchemish on the Euphrates. On the other hand Nebopolassar with the assistance of the Scythians had conquered the Assyrians, and destroyed Nineveh, the capital, B. C. 606. The Babylonians marched up the Euphrates and met the Egyptian army at Carchemish, and defeated them. Nebopolassar, king of Babylon, sent his son Nebuchadnezzar on to Jerusalem, who besieged that city. Jeremiah speaks of the siege as in 604, Jehoiachin's fourth year, probably in the early part, so that a difference in the period covered by the Babylonian and the Jewish years would account for the variation. The last part of 605 is treated as Nebuchadnezzar's accession year, and 604 his first year as king.

At this time Nebopolassar died and Nebuchadnezzar hastened back to Babylon, taking with him a number of captives including Daniel and his three companions, from royal or princely families, either as hostages or persons whom he could train for his official service.

The names of the four young princes were all compounded with the name of God. Daniel—God is my judge; Hananiah—Jehovah is gracious; Michael—This is as God; Azariah—Jehovah is a helper. Their new names were compounded with those of royalty or of gods. Daniel was named Belteshazzar, favored of Bel or Belus, the great Babylonian god and goddess. The custom of changing names continues up to this day, any change from Mohammedan to Christian, or the reverse, being accompanied by a change of name. These four were selected from among the captives on account of their noble descent, talent and promise of ability, to be trained in the language and literature of the Chaldeans, to be trusted officers.

When these young men were selected for their future career, several things were appointed for their training. Like the training of young men now to professional schools, after college graduation. Their names were changed, as noted above, so that, at least officially, they would be in harmony with the administration, and not known distinctively as Jews. They were to be trained in court customs and ways, counting with other young men of heathen morals and religion. They were given luxurious foods such as the king ate, and costly wines such as the king drank.

Now here was a strenuous test of the faith, the courage and the self-control of the young men. The eating of the king's food would be a breaking of the Jewish law as to food; and thus be a repudiating of the religion of the true God. The dietary would almost certainly comprise articles of food, such as the flesh of swine, hares, etc., which the law interdicted to the Israelites.

The young men were greatly favored by having a friend at court. God had brought Daniel into favor and tender love, had made him to find kindness and compassion. God had made Daniel lovable, giving him attractiveness of person and wisdom of mind; moreover, the Holy Spirit had doubtless moved directly upon the heart of Ashpenaz, turning him toward Daniel. All true love and friendship are inspired by God.

Said Daniel to Melzar: "Give us pulse to eat." Rather, vegetable food in general; there is no reason for restricting the Hebrew word used to leguminous fruits, such as beans and peas, which is what the term "pulse" properly denotes. "And desire to drink instead of the wine." They began the simple life.

The result of the test was better physical condition, countenances fairer, fatter in flesh. The simple life brought better bodily health, more beauty, greater strength and activity, all that was needed for the best work and the highest joy, of which the body is capable.

Every trainer in athletics in all our colleges throughout the land will confirm this fact, and acts upon it.

Therefore stood they before the king, were the personal advisers, and among the leading officers of the kingdom. All officers and servants stood when in the presence of the monarch. He found them ten times better than all the magicians and astrologers. The magicians were the learned class, the scribes, the priestly class. "The astrologers," reasoners from the stars, were the scientific men, versed in magic and occult science.

The Onlooker

by WILBUR D. NESBIT

WORSE THAN THE HEAT



It's not the heat that bothers me. That makes me sick and depletes me. That makes my brain sizzle like a train and will not let me think. It's not the sun that warms me. That hot-tomato-furnace sun. That makes me gasp and lose my grasp and puts me on the blink.

It's not the sun that bothers me. Like fifty million torches. And makes me fret with mind upset and with the world would end. It's not the air all breezy. The breeze that is so welcome. That makes me will like shriveled milk and fear my brain will bend.

No, it's the folk who sell it. Who sigh it, groan it, yell it. Who fan and fan and hourly scan the place for a cool spot. Who pass that it is awful—Then I feel like a wad. Burned to a crisp and charred and crisp. Inside and outside HOT!

Get the Explanation.

"What I want to know," says the suburbanite with the intermittent whiskers and the asthmatic eyebrows, "what I want to know is what use there is in taking a front seat on a suburban train?"

"I do not understand your question," replies the courteous railway official. "What's the good of the front seat if it does not bring to its occupant the rights and privileges and conveniences naturally considered to be associated with a front seat? Why is it that when a man takes the front seat in the car, because he is in a hurry and wants to get off the minute the train reaches town—why is it that just before the train pulls in everybody in the whole car gets up and starts down the aisle, and of course the man in the front seat naturally cannot be impolite and squeeze through, so he has to stand aside and allow all of them to pass him, when all the time he has had that front seat just so that he can get off first, and now he—"

"I would say, though not officially," interrupted the railway man, politely, "that inasmuch as the front seat in one direction becomes the rear seat in the other direction, we cannot admit as a legal proposition that our cars have front seats in them. Consequently I must firmly decline to answer your question."

SPEED.



"I hear that young Spenditt is looking for work of some kind," says the man with the embroidered vest. "Didn't he fall heir to a fortune last year?"

"Yes," answers the man with the openwork hair. "But he hasn't any money now."

"It must have got away from him fast."

"No wonder. He had an auto that went sixty miles an hour, a yacht that went twenty miles an hour, a horse that went a mile in two minutes and he backed a comic opera company that produced a show that didn't go at all."

Speed No Aid.

"Of course," says the visitor to the employer of a large force, "you must find from time to time instances of crookedness among your many employees."

"That is, unfortunately, to be expected," answers the employer of the large force.

"And do you keep sort of an espionage upon them?"

"We have to."

"Naturally, you catch them once in a while. No matter how fast a man may be, sooner or later—"

"O, the faster the man is, the sooner he is caught."

Hubbard Nesbit.